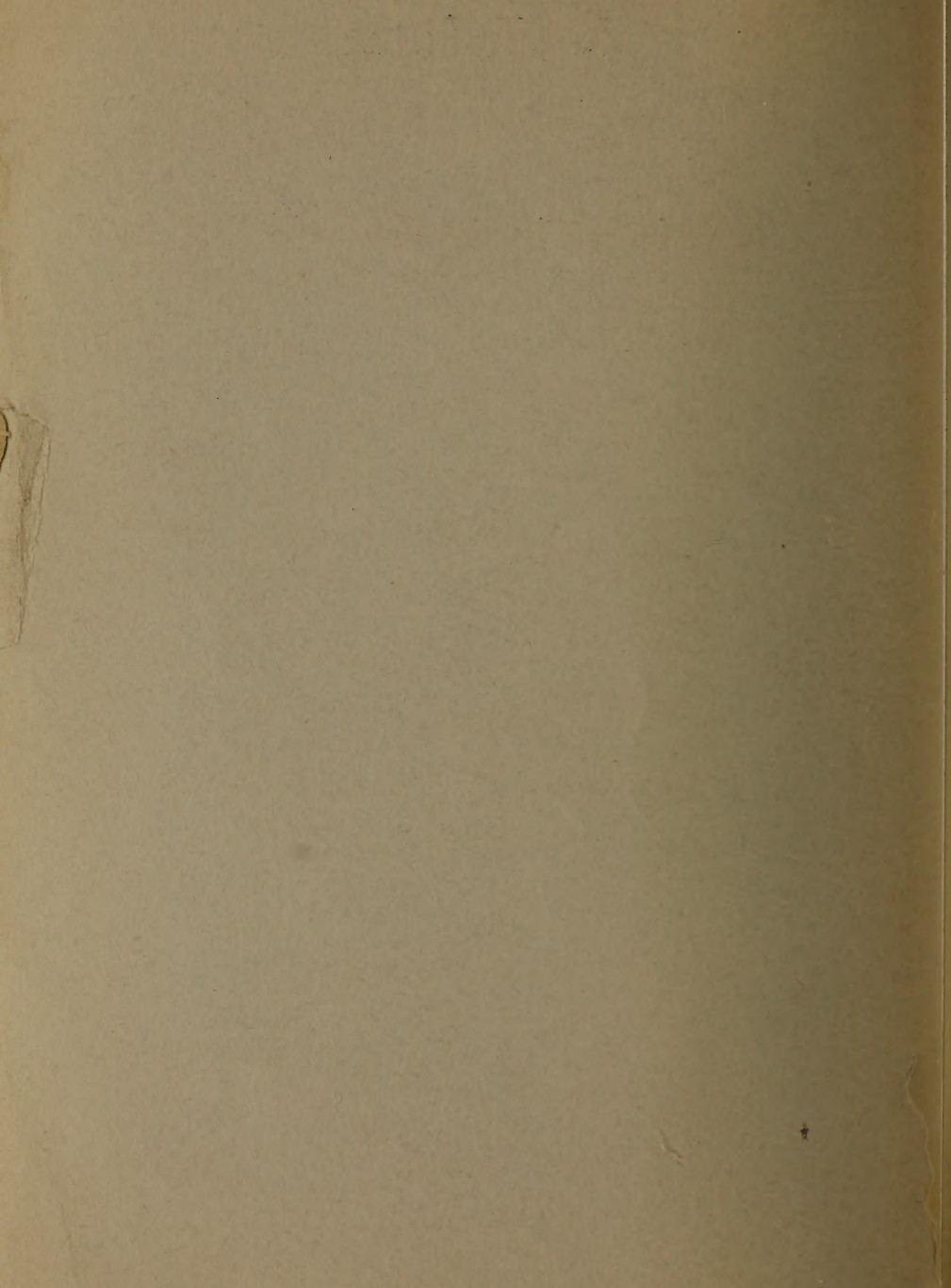


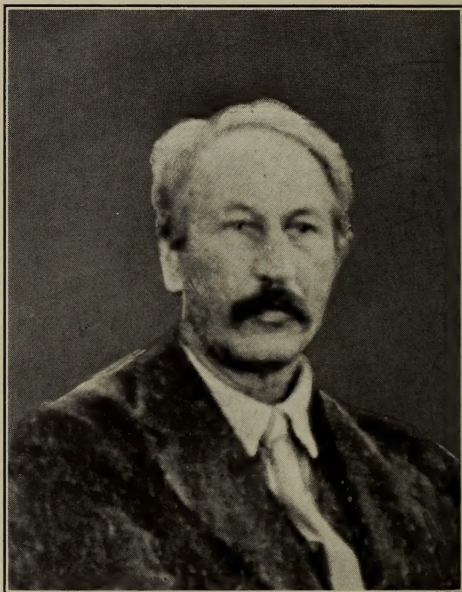
A Tribute
to
Samuel G. Wood



A TRIBUTE TO S. T. WOOD

J. Wilson





S. T. WOOD

A Tribute
To
Samuel G. Wood

PRIVATELY PUBLISHED

1917

INTRODUCTION

THE purpose of this slight memorial is to record in a tangible form some of the impressions of the friends of a man whose premature death is deeply regretted. S. T. Wood, though limited in fame by the anonymity of daily journalism, was known far and wide by his editorial articles on Nature and on economics, and by his special correspondence in *The Globe* from time to time. Among friends, his intercourse and converse were cherished because of his serenity and good temper, and a wit of rare individual flavor. A natural shyness, coupled with a certain contempt for "the insolence of elected persons," made all desire for public office foreign to his nature, but his understanding of economics, and his readiness in political controversy gave him a power not easily estimated.

An ardent admirer of Whitman and Thoreau, he shared their aversion to conventions. Formality, even in dress, had no appeal for him, and his black broad-brimmed hat was as beloved as it was out of style. Often when finishing the day's work, he stayed at his desk and munched bananas and nuts as he completed an article, while others sat in a café or by their own table. Years ago he frequented a Colborne Street eating house, the resort of kindred spirits where in

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bohemian surroundings they spoke their mind on the faults of society.

An incident comes to mind to further illustrate Sam Wood's character. Some years ago Lord Charles Beresford, when in Toronto, addressed the Press Club. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and there was a big rally of members. A friend en route to the meeting met Mr. Wood.

"Are you going to hear Beresford, Sam?"

"Beresford nothing! I am going to the swamp," was the characteristic reply.

On behalf of the Committee of Publication,

M. O. HAMMOND

E. J. HATHAWAY

Toronto, December, 1917.

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THE MANY-SIDED SAM WOOD

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

THIRTY years ago Toronto had a Young Men's Liberal Club among whose members were many who have taken a high place in the public life of Canada. One thinks of two or three Chief Justices, provincial, county and district Judges, members of Parliament a few Cabinet Ministers and journalists who have achieved national reputation. It was there that I first met Mr. S. T. Wood and Mr. Stewart Lyon. They were friends in youth and friends until death severed the relationship. Both became active members of the Club. Both were good speakers and aggressive social reformers. Mr. Wood was one of the pioneers of the Single Tax movement in Canada. So was Mr. Lyon. Associated with Mr. W. A. Douglass, they lost no opportunity to convert the Club to the social and economic faith of Henry George, and if they did not wholly succeed it was not their fault. After Mr. Wood and Mr. Lyon had joined *The Globe* staff the late Edward Farrer used to describe the Local Room as the Single Tax Club.

Through our association in the Young Men's Liberal Club Mr. Wood and Mr. Lyon came to *The Globe*. There Mr. Wood had to find himself. *The Globe* needed a humorist and he had humor. He was first set to write a column of "Impressions." These were signed "Uncle Thomas," and "Uncle Thomas" he was to many of his associates while he

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lived. But he was more than a jester. All his humor had a moral and an object. Economically orthodox and politically unorthodox, his individuality and independence could not be repressed. As was inevitable, he soon found himself in the editorial page, first as a paragrapher and later as a regular editorial writer. He was not of a rebellious temper, but it was necessary to exercise vigilance in the examination of his copy. He had no reverence for Authority or Party, and would cheerfully horn the gods he was supposed to worship. In his "Economic Lessons" he was often found laughing at the editorial page on which his writing appeared. No doubt some of the best things he said were never printed, but his editors were generally willing to take chances in order that he could express himself and not another.

I imagine that I never gave Mr. Wood an assignment in which he took so much delight as a leisurely canoe journey he made along the stretches and turnings of the Trent Valley Canal in the endeavor to discover whether or not there was an economic justification for a project which had carried so many constituencies for paternal Governments. I have wondered if his cautious judgment in favor of the canal was explained by communion with the things he loved in stream and lake, in hills and valleys. For it was seldom that he revealed toleration for the devices of Governments. He made many journeys across Canada, as far west as Skagway, as far east as Cape Breton. He always came home with a collection of picturesque stories and a stronger belief in the unwisdom of men. He did his work well but the things of which he talked were not the things he was sent to do. His vivid and lasting impressions were not of men but of scenes, not of man's works but of nature's mysteries and God's

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bounties. I cannot recollect that he ever came home with a political prophecy, with any statement of why Governments were weak here or strong there, with any suggestion of a political programme to save one party or confound the other. These to Mr. Wood were the things of bread and butter to be put away at the close of the day's work, as a workman puts away his tools at nightfall.

Devoted to destructive theories, no man of more merciful spirit ever lived. Apparently indolent, he was a hard and willing worker. Careless of other men's opinions, he was a loyal and lovable companion. He hated injustice and warred against abuses, but he fought with clean hands and a heart without malice. It was natural that he should love birds and the fields, the running stream and the strip of bush, for while he worked with men as a good comrade it was in nature that his soul found repose and sanctuary. He will rest, as he lived, well, and

“we retain
The memory of man unspoiled
Sweet, generous and humane.”

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S. T. WOOD—AN APPRECIATION

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

IT was in the early nineties that I first made the acquaintance of S. T. Wood. He was known by his contributions to *The Globe* over the pseudonym of "Uncle Thomas," and in these contributions he had displayed his gifts of fancy, playful humor and independent thinking. No one held his views more sincerely and firmly than he, yet no one advanced them with less strain and intolerance. The nature of the man was kindly and this appeared in his converse as well as in his writings. There was, however, no touch of vacillation or weakness. Vigor of mind is not usually combined with a tolerant expression of one's convictions, but in his case there was both forbearance and strength.

If he won and retained the friendship of men whose opinions differed from his own, it was not with the design of making converts to his economic doctrines or of seeking occasion for strenuous dispute. He possessed in a marked degree the considerate sympathy and innate courtesy which make social intercourse agreeable. There had come into existence a small private dining circle, jestingly called the Sandpaper Club, which may be drawn from its obscurity because it contained some of the closest associates and admirers of the friend who has so lately left us and because he himself was a leading figure in the group. A few of the busiest writers for the press were accustomed to meet once a week, to take a simple meal to-

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gether, and, shunning formality and publicity as the twin enemies of intimate relations, to hold light debate for an hour or two

“on mind and art
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.”

In this comradeship, Wood revealed the qualities that secured for him the lasting respect and affection of his friends. The spirit in which he joined in the deliberations was that of one whose argument is not invective and whose satire leaves no sting. Having thought clearly and intelligently upon public questions, he realized that many problems would not be settled in his time, and it was a source of amusement to him to observe how keen others were for finality and definite decisions upon the most abstruse questions. How greatly he enjoyed the mock-heroic debates of this quiet circle may be gathered from reading his humorous essay in the first number of the *Canadian Magazine* upon a similar organization of earlier date whose members he called “The Regenerators.” “I know of a quiet nook,” he wrote in this delightful paper, “where men of ’isms and ’ologies congregate daily in the discussion of projects of transcendent vastness and lunches of co-relative modesty.” He pointed out that “men with plans and specifications for cutting the social fabric on the bias invariably congregate in a restaurant,” and so to the meetings of the club which has been mentioned he brought the fruits of his sane philosophy and the stimulus of his healthy humor, for he was not only witty in himself, to quote Falstaff’s phrase, but the cause that wit is in other men. It is doubtful if he

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was ever absent from a regular meeting, and certainly none would have been complete without him.

That a larger community, where literature had an acknowledged place, would have encouraged him to make adequate use of his power to understand and explain economic principles, admits of no doubt. In his "Primer of Political Economy" he contended that it was "the simplicity and not the complexity of economic principles that makes them so elusive even to mature intellects." Accordingly, in the pages of that vivid and almost romantic treatise, he reveals to youthful minds the inter-dependence of individuals in our modern world and the personal interest which we all have in the occupations of our fellow-beings. Knowing that the subject of Single Tax was controversial ground, it is a tribute to his sense and fairness that he refrained from employing his book to promote the doctrine in which he earnestly believed. But he faithfully devoted his efforts to his newspaper, wrote on the multitude of issues and events that make up the programme of a great daily journal and laid aside, doubtless with perfect serenity of mind, the talents that in New York or London would have brought him fame and fortune. He applied his love of nature to the writing of those articles which gave pleasure to many thousands of people. Happily the selection of these papers which has been published in book form provides a fitting memorial of this phase of a generous and attractive personality.

In the long list of able men who have helped to give *The Globe* its place and influence in Canadian life the name of S. T. Wood will ever have an honorable distinction. Among his accomplishments was the poise and balance of editorial style, and he wrote upon political questions with fluency, clearness, and full knowledge. He was a convinced Liberal in

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politics. He had no leanings toward reactionary views, and was equally free from narrow prejudices. It is doubtful if what is known as the party game engaged much of his enthusiasm, and from his position in the Press Gallery of the Legislature, session after session, it may be that he judged parties more by what they contributed toward the causes he had at heart than by the historic names they bore. From experience he had learned that a Liberal might lapse and that a Tory might have a glimmer of enlightenment. He has passed to the silent land, and those who lament the loss of this true friend and upright companion will recall the lines of Matthew Arnold:

“O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!”

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WHERE THE RACCOON DRINKS

MR. WOOD'S LAST ARTICLE

(From The Globe, July 14, 1917)

CURIOSITY, suspended by the satiations of years and suppressed by the insistent duties of life and the bewildering intricacies of human effort and purpose, is always aroused by the revealing footprints of a passing animal. Somewhere, at the end of that trail, is pulsating life, suspicious of man, timid or bold, cunning in a race experience, and equipped for the endless struggle toward survival. A raccoon's track in the shaded silt beside a wriggling stream, his large hind paws broad and firm, and his fore paws more deft and dainty, tells where water was quietly lapped in the night, or perhaps a hiding crayfish drawn under a protecting stone. It recalls the infantile voice from the tall, night-shrouded elm, the marauding raid in the growing corn-field, and the race domination of a cruel feast on a cleverly captured victim. A survival from ancient freedom is recorded in those toe-dimples surrounding the lobed ball, and each claw gives an indication of armed strength that can become formidable if made desperate by danger. All survivals would be cherished if we could realize how few they are, compared with the infinite variety of life forms revealed in occasional footprints perpetuated in solidified strata.

The wandering fork of the Don by which this raccoon has found a home seems itself a survival, in spite of nature's assur-

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ance of perpetual replenishing. Through ages of aimless wandering it has excavated a winding valley, so deep that giant trees cannot always look over the surrounding undulations. It grants them abundant time to mature and grow old, but it must have room to make its changing way to the Lake. If crowded among the giants it undermines their roots, loosens their hold, and brings them helplessly down, to return to the soil from which their vitality was drawn. Thus the perpetual process of excavation goes on. Human intervention at favorable points makes this a decorous and conventional stream, running through sloping and well-cultivated fields or following convenient boundaries. But its inherited freedom generally triumphs in threading wooded valleys or loitering in marshy expanses, where moss subdues and obliterates recumbent trunks, and upreared roots remain with all the suggestiveness of neglected monuments. The noisy grouse nests in open confidence, and the cheerful oven-bird builds its little sheltering dome in the leaves. The predatory weasel and the hunted mink find victims without invading adjacent poultry yards. The harsh and mischievous jay gathers varied supplies, and the crow is always ready noisily to resent an invasion. From his conspicuous excavation the woodchuck scatters sand down the steep incline, while the more secretive chipmunk leaves no indication of his subterranean retreat. In the deeper shades a few surviving orchids plead for immunity from the destruction which love prompts. The calypso, with its single leaf and pendant of purple and yellow, proves that tender coyness may win in the increasing struggle for existence.

These survivals in the wandering valleys along which the gathered rains thread their way to the Lake have Nature's promise of perpetuity. What a dreary waste of cultivation

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the world would be without survivals! While the hurrying streams are returned to the hills in cloudy vapor, the endless flow will strengthen the prolific valleys in their fight against human aggression. The raccoon can find a hollow tree, for decay is as persistent as life. There he can sleep away the winter with his family, or hide through the drowsy days of summer, coming out at night in safety for freedom and feasting. The rigid bark of the elm or cedar in which he has made a home may be conspicuously worn by his tenacious and nimble claws. His route to the lofty entrance may easily be discerned. Will active humanity ever evolve beyond its predatory eagerness to lay an axe at the root of that sheltering tree?

SAM T. WOOD

By J. W. BENGOUGH

HIS tall form towered above the throng of men,
Beseeching one who bore a friendly mind;
But all its golden wealth of speech and pen
O'erflowed in sympathy for human kind,
Seeking the cure for their deep ills to find,
And finding it in Justice: this he taught
And preached unceasing; in his face benign
We saw the index of his sane, true thought,
Touched with a grace and tenderness divine
That loved all Life, as low he knelt at Nature's Shrine.

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A WORD OF FAREWELL

(From *The Globe*, Nov. 7, 1917)

BY the death of Mr. S. T. Wood, a member of the editorial staff of *The Globe* for over a quarter of a century, and the writer of the delightful nature editorials that have been a feature of the *Saturday Globe* during the greater part of that time, Canadian journalism loses a craftsman of unique personality and of great attainments. Mr. Wood was born in the backwoods of North Hastings almost sixty years ago, and grew up in companionship with the little brothers of the forest. That companionship was never broken during an eventful and busy life. Though his aptitude for economics and his enthusiasm for social reform led Mr. Wood from a mechanic's bench on to newspaper work into association with the leading men in Canadian public life, he was always more interested in out-of-doors and the friends to be found in marsh, and dale, and forest than in the world of men.

Not that there was anything of the hermit in his make-up, or any lack of sympathy with the hopes, and fears, and ideals of those about him. He was one of the first Canadian followers and friends of Henry George, and one of seven men who thirty years ago met in Toronto to found the Anti-poverty Society. He was a close student of political economy, and the daily "Lessons in Economics" first published in these columns were afterwards published as a "Primer of Political Economy," which is still sought after by the discriminating reader. To

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this period of his connection with *The Globe* also belongs the whimsical philosophy that appeared over the signature of "Uncle Thomas." These articles were for some years one of the most valued features of the editorial page.

But the Saturday nature article was the thing into which he put most of his personality. It was read by many thousands of men and women, who thus were allured from the sordid life of town to the days of youth when all nature round about was full of interest and of mystery. Not very long ago, when Mr. Wood's nature article was temporarily suspended for some reason, Sir Wilfrid Laurier confessed that he missed it greatly, and hoped it would not be long absent. And now it will be absent always, for the man who put his best thought into it has written his last article. Some of his nature studies are preserved in permanent form in a volume entitled "Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," published two years ago. Mr. Wood had plans laid for another volume, but failing strength prevented him from carrying them out. For him, as for most journalists, the daily task stood in the way of the turning out of any large volume of writing embodied in permanent form. The readers of *The Globe*, for whom he has written thousands of editorials, will join with his associates upon the staff in this acknowledgment of a quarter century of service in a field of activity that demands the best that is in a man—alike of heart and brain. And so, good-bye.

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THE BIRDS WILL MISS HIM

(To Samuel T. Wood)

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

(From The Globe, Nov. 8, 1917)

THE birds will miss him when they come again;
He was the first to greet them, for he knew
Their every whim in sunshine and in rain,
And noted all the little things they do:
He loved their verdurous haunts by wood and stream;
'Twas his delight to take them unaware,
Or muse upon them, and with mind adream
Worship the God who thought of things so fair.

The birds will miss him—nay, for with the spring
He shall awaken and go out once more.
His was no death that calls for sorrowing;
His spirit shall go wandering as of yore
Beside the streams or in the songful woods,
The genius of his native solitudes.

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NATURALIST AND SOCIAL REFORMER

(From *The Globe*, Nov. 7, 1917)

BY the death of Mr. S. T. Wood at his home, 168 Dunn Avenue, last night, after a lingering illness, *The Globe* loses a highly esteemed member of its staff and Canadian journalism a writer of unique personality and quality. Ever since he joined *The Globe* in 1891, a mechanic with the alert mental resources of a Single Tax orator, and with none of the artificial aids to writing so often deemed indispensable, his personality has irradiated and his writings have pleased a widening circle of readers. He was one of the few Canadian newspaper writers whose work was recognized in a manner to earn and hold a personal following.

Mr. Wood was fifty-seven years old, and his illness, which threatened to become serious early in the summer, took a critical turn in August. At that time he was on vacation at Bon Echo, in eastern Ontario, whence he had to return suddenly. Since then his decline has been steady, though he was confined to his bed for only a month. His father, Mr. Samuel Wood, a native of England, is now eighty-five years of age. His mother, who was of Irish birth, died some years ago. His eldest son, Sam. D., is employed in the postoffice; his youngest son, Lieut. Frank Wood, reputed to be about the best swimmer in Ontario, has been attached for some months past to the Royal Naval Air Service overseas. He is now on his way home to see his father, but will be too late. Mr. Wood's first

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wife was Miss Frances Dwyer of Sandhill, Ont., who died six years ago. His second wife, formerly Miss Dora Spears, daughter of the late Dr. Hugh Spears of Toronto, survives. A funeral service will be held at the late residence, 168 Dunn avenue, on Thursday night, with interment at Belleville on Friday.

Born on a backwoods farm in the township of Wollaston, Hastings county, on January 16, 1860, Mr. Wood came honestly by his love of nature. He was rocked as a baby in a birch bark cradle, and his childish slumbers were sometimes disturbed by the howl of wolves. At the age of five the lad's family moved to Belleville, and there he was educated at the public and high schools, and the Belleville Business College. He spent a year in Peterboro' before coming to Toronto in 1885, where he took up the vocation of steamfitter. He became an ardent Single Tax advocate, and took part in many park meetings as a "soap-box orator." The views on social reform then voiced so earnestly were as tenaciously held to the end of his life.

It was natural that such a publicist should enter newspaper work, and after a year on an Ottawa newspaper he found congenial surroundings in the sanctum of *The Globe* under the editorship of Mr. (now Sir) J. S. Willison. At first he served as a reporter, then he wrote editorial paragraphs, and he never ceased to be a keen and delightful exponent of that entertaining form of writing. Soon, however, his individuality found outlet in a peculiarly happy medium. This was a daily column of impressions signed "Uncle Thomas." Here were presented in style often wistful and never uninteresting a harvest of life's flotsam and jetsam gathered by an ever-observant mind. Soon there came also a series of "Les-

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sons in Economics," forming a short daily feature in *The Globe*, and ever thereafter Mr. Wood took a prominent part in writing editorials on economic subjects. In 1901 he published a "Primer in Political Economy," which was widely read. Throughout this time he maintained his share of daily editorial matter, broken from time to time by work as a special correspondent at Ottawa, or in the Legislature, or in some distant part of Canada or Newfoundland, whence he sent as letters the information he gained on the country's development.

Mr. Wood will, however, be best remembered perhaps for his writings on nature. Ever since the middle 'nineties until his illness he contributed a Saturday editorial on some phase of nature or animal life. He was a naturalist of the utmost sympathy and understanding, and his work was an established feature for a host of admirers. Two years ago a selection from these articles was issued in a volume called "Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," when they were seized by hundreds of readers who had long wished for such a collection. Mr. Wood was fond of hunting, but took no pleasure in the mere joy of killing.

In private life he was quiet and almost shy, but to his intimates and fellow-workers there was ever revealed a delightful personality, the loss of which will not soon be forgotten.

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TRIBUTES BY CONFRERES

(*Toronto Daily Star*, Nov. 7, 1917)

IN the death of Mr. Samuel T. Wood, journalism loses a man of remarkable intellectual gifts and fine character. The wide range of his mind is shown in the fact that he was one of the most resourceful of the advocates of the single tax, an authority on economic questions, and the author of "Primer of Political Economy," a keen student of nature, and that he could, when he chose, write articles and sketches full of delightfully quaint humor, the humor of a philosopher.

It is probably as an observer and writer on nature that Mr. Wood was most widely known. Week after week and year after year his nature articles in *The Globe* were read with the keenest interest. They were not dry, scientific disquisitions. There was the touch of the humorist and the philosopher, and the literary style was charming and distinctive. In his personal relations Mr. Wood was modest and unassuming, though firm in the assertion of his convictions, and his death will be mourned sincerely by a large circle of friends.

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BOOTS AND THE MAN

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

(From the *Canadian Courier*, Dec. 1, 1917)

BECAUSE the average citizen of any town big enough to have a park doesn't know a rag-weed from a cat-tail flag; and the average Board of Trade couldn't tell you the name of any bird around the town smaller than a wild goose or a bald-headed eagle—one who knew pretty well the late Sam Wood, of *The Toronto Globe*, prefers to say a word or two. Not on behalf of Sam. No, Sam is all right. He always was a happy man; much happier than he sometimes looked with that big, pale, Indian-chief face and the black hair, striding along in his great leg boots out to the marshes, away from the smoke of the town into the uplands where he could get the air and hear the music of heaven.

Yes, Sam Wood simply had to have a natural hobby that would add to the joy of natural living; because he was a citizen of a city that cares nothing about nature. In eulogizing Sam Wood's work as a naturalist, and as a writer about birds and plants and wild things once a week on the editorial page of *The Globe*, one remembers how sadly in need of Sam Wood Toronto was. Some day the same thing will be said about John Ross Robertson, who for half his life has been as busy locating the landmarks inside Toronto as Wood used to be ferreting out the flowers and the birds and the little creeping things that never get down into a city because man is such a kill-nature animal. Sam Wood did Toronto a great work and Toronto took a long while to wake up to the fact. Even in the days before the place began to over-run the hills and to shut out the sky, Sam was prowling about in all manner of unusual places to get something to write about for Saturday's

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Globe. And in those days about one in every ten *Globe* readers could tell you what Sam wrote about last week, whether it was the sandpiper on the edge of the Island, or the groundhog out on the York hills.

But the Wood clientele grew by force of habit. Every week that quiet, human, kindly column stuck in there among the brawling politics and the noise about the city hall, slowly attracted and comforted a larger and larger class of readers.

It only happened that Sam Wood was planted in Toronto to do such a work. Had he been set down in Vancouver or Winnipeg or Montreal or Halifax he would have done the same thing. He did it because the town often got too small and too fretful and too smoky; and because the marsh and the hill and the sweeping clean sky had a message which he could catch and hand on to other folks too busy to get out of town on a week-day, or too pious to go nature-tramping in leg boots on Sunday.

Because 400,000 people in modern Toronto never walked on anything but a lawn, a sidewalk or a floor, except in High Park, Wood went booting up the Don Valley away on down in the wilderness of Ashbridge's Bay, out on the edge of the sand-dunes of the Island, into the morasses of Grenadier Pond and up the gorge of the Humber. He never came back without something new. Nature to him, the old, old story, was the thing that was everlastingly new. Man, building his little walls, his skyscrapers, his factories and his office was the tired and worn-out thing. Nobody ever saw Sam Wood in the Albany Club. But because he went out to nature with an open soul, even the members of the Albany Club might remember once in a while that there is such a thing as a night-hawk in nature. Canada has several hundred towns and cities in need of a man who did the work of Sam Wood.

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(*Toronto Daily News*, Nov. 7, 1917)

VAIN is the strength of man. Mr. S. T. Wood, tall and sturdy in appearance, abstemious, devoted to plain living and high thinking, passed away last night after an illness of less than two months. He was an editorial writer on *The Globe* for twenty-five years. Self-educated, while working at a mechanic's bench, he brought to the practice of his new profession a point of view not common to writers who reach the desk by way of the University. He had all the tenacity of those who believe that organization can cure the inequalities of our social system and make over human nature.

He will be remembered for his close knowledge of the world of tiny life about us. He was a Naturalist of wide knowledge, of great experience, and of immense enthusiasm. He wrote a "Nature article" for *The Globe* every Saturday during many years. Just a year ago a revised collection of these articles was published and won high favor. Mr. Wood, much as he loved a controversy, was a man of fine and gentle spirit. He wrote with uncommon distinction and he had the entire respect of all his confreres.

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THE ETERNAL WHY

(To the memory of Mr. S. T. Wood)

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

(From The Toronto Daily News, Nov. 8, 1917)

OUT of a red and clangorous world
Our friend departed
When passions were caught up and whirled
Into a mad typhoon of death,
Full willingly he spent his breath,
Sorry and weary-hearted.

For he had hoped that War was done,
That men were tender.
How he abhorred the burly gun!
Dreaming that soft persuasion's art
Might change our world's dull, greedy heart,
Be her defender.

Yet he had found in Nature's world
Inclement hating.
The pupa, where a leaf was curled
By winged foes was fiercely sought.
And e'en the singing victors fought
When they were mating.

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If man were Heavenly, if his hope
Were on foundations,
Whether by candle, alb and cope,
Or by the Self, in bond with God;
—Then why the horsemen, iron-shod,
To slay the Nations?

No problem of our time alone,
My gentle brother.
Still growls the cannon's monotone.
We hope, while fighting hand to hand,
And we must die to understand
Our Spartan mother.

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A SUGGESTED EPITAPH

BY PETER MCARTHUR

If it is not too late I suggest that you publish the following stanzas from Bliss Carman's "The Gravetree" as a tribute to our friend and comrade S. T. Wood. Nothing could more exactly express his love of Nature:—

'THE GRAVETREE

By Bliss Carman

Let me have a scarlet maple
For the grave-tree at my head,
With the quiet sun behind it,
In the years when I am dead.

It will be my leafy cabin,
Large enough when June returns
And I hear the golden thrushes
Flute and hesitate by turns.

And in fall, some yellow morning,
When the stealthy frost has come,
Leaf by leaf it will befriend me
As with comrades going home.

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Leave me in the Great Lone Country,
For I shall not be afraid
With the shy moose and the beaver
There within my scarlet shade.

I would sleep, but not too soundly,
Where the sunning partridge drums,
Till the crickets hush before him
When the Scarlet Hunter comes.

There the wind will stay to whisper
Many wonders to the reeds;
But I shall not fear to follow
Where my Scarlet Hunter leads.

Then, fear not, my friends, to leave me
In the boding autumn vast:
There are many things to think of
When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple,
When the journeying shadows fail,
Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter
Pass upon the endless trail.

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SAMUEL T. WOOD

BY GRANT BALFOUR

(From The Toronto World, Nov. 8, 1917)

KIND son of nature, lent a little while,
To tell us of the haunts and luring ways
Of creatures countless in the scale of life
Beneath the rank of man. They caught thine eye
And gripped thy heart so big and true to them,
And then thou gav'st to us their charming tale,
Outpouring it as if from magic flute.
But now, at last, thy last sweet tune is played,
And thou hast laid aside thine instrument,
With none to take it up. And we are sad,
And nature sobs to-day on yonder shore.
Where hast thou gone? Is thine the flight of wing
To golden south or silver north? Thy friends
Shall come again. Wilt thou? Thy flight is long,
So long that thou shalt nevermore return,
And thou thyself, perplexed, didst not know where.
But thou art good. And God who gave thee birth
Has ample room and love for thee.

A TRIBUTE TO S. T. WOOD

AN INSPIRATION TO YOUTH

Upon hearing of the death of Mr. Wood, Mr. Werner S. Allison of 409 West Fifteenth St., New York, wrote to *The Globe* an unusual appreciation. Some years ago, he said, while a youth of 20, chance threw him and Mr. Wood together on a canoeing trip in Northern Ontario. The sojourn in the wilds with such a companion was for Mr. Allison an inspiration.

“I had not found myself, Mr. Wood helped me. He perceived in me a latent love of good literature. He fanned the spark into a tiny flame, which in a short time was to become a consuming desire. He recited, from memory, many of the famous speeches from Shakespeare’s plays, and poems, such as ‘The Deserted Village’ and ‘The Rubaiyat’ in their entirety. It was stirring, and inspiring!

“I had only a public school education but Mr. Wood’s qualities, learning and personality so stimulated me that I grew ambitious for greater knowledge, and largely because of his influence, indelibly wrought. I gave up my position, and—to make a long story short—graduated from one of our great universities in four years with high honors, making up my high school work as I went along.”

